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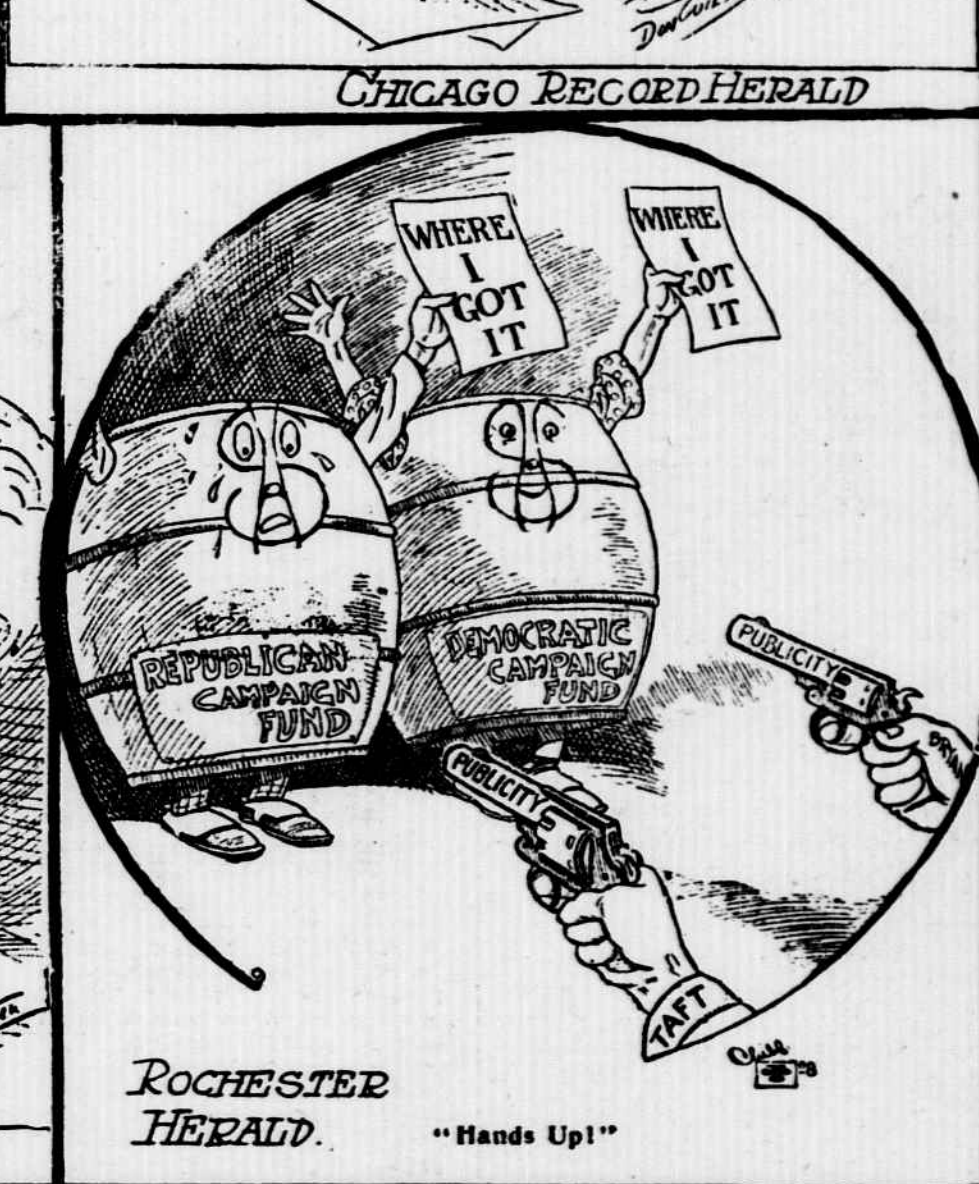
MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL



THE STANDARD-BEAKER.



ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.



ROCHESTER HERALD.

THE BRASS BOWL

—By—

Louis Joseph Vance,
Author of "The Private War."

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She sank back, speechless. Anisty glanced at her up and down without visible emotion, then laughed unpleasantly. "The hard and unyielding laugh of brute man brutishly impassioned."

"This silly ass, Maitland," he observed, "isn't really as superfluous as he seems. I find him quite a convenience, and I suppose that ought to be trotted up to his credit, since it's because he's got the good taste to resemble me. . . . Consider his thoughtfulness in providing me this cab! What'd I've done without it? To tell the truth I was quite at a loss to frame it up, how to win your coy consent to this giddy elopement, back there in the hall. But dear, kind Maitland, bless his innocent heart, fixes it all up for me. . . . And so," concluded the criminal, with ironic relish, "and so I've got you, my lady."

He looked at her in sidelong fashion, speculative, calculating, relentless. And she bowed her head, assenting. "Yes."

"You're dead right, little woman. Got you, Um-mum."

She made no reply; she could have made none aside from raising an outcry, although now she was regaining some of the ability to accept the situation quietly. For little time she could not guess how long she could endure the strain, pending an opportunity to turn the tables on her persecutor.

"What is it," she said, presently, with some effort—"what is it you wish with me?"

"You'll not tell me?"

"You've guessed it, my lady; I will not—yet wait a bit."

She spurred her flagging spirit until it flashed defiance. "Mr. Anisty!"

"Yes," he responded, with a curling lip, cold eyes to hers.

"I demand—"

"No, you don't!" he cut her short with a snarl. "You're not in a position to demand anything. Maybe it would be as well for you to remember who you're dealing with."

"And—heart sinking again."

"And I've been made fool of just as long as I can stand for it. I'm a crook—like yourself, my lady, but with more backbone and some pride in being at the head of my profession. I'm wanted in a dozen places; I'll spend the rest of my life in the pen if I ever get my head out of my own cage, and I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks. Moreover, no man yet has ever laid hands on me in anger and not regretted it. The criminal's voice fell a note or two, shaking with somber passion. "I'll have that puny hide yet!" he swore.

The girl tried to nerve herself. "It doesn't seem to strike you," she argued, controlling her hysteria by sheer strength of purpose, "that I have only to raise my voice to bring all Broadway to my rescue."

"For by now the cab had sheered off into that thoroughfare, and was rocking rapidly south between glittering walls of

light. A surface car swooped down upon them, past, making right of way with gong and drumming trucks, and drowning Anisty's response. For which reason he chose to repeat it, with added emphasis. "You try it on, my lady, and see what happens."

She had no answer ready and he proceeded, after waiting a moment. "But you're not going to be such a fool. You have no pleasure in the prospect of seeing the inside of the Tombs yourself, and besides, you ought to know me well enough to know. . . ."

"What?" she breathed, in spite of herself.

Anisty folded his arms, thrusting the right hand beneath his coat. "Maitland got only one of my guns," he announced, ironically. "He'd've got the contents of the other only he chose to play the fool and into my hands. Now I head he fixed her with an inflexible glare, chill and heartless as steel—"that one squeal out of you will be the last. Oh, I've got no scruples; arrest to me means a living death. I'll take a shorter course, by preference and—I'll take you with me, my lady."

"You mean you would shoot me?" she whispered, incredulous.

"Like a dog," he returned with unctuousness.

"You, a man, would—would shoot a woman?"

"You're not a woman, my lady; you're a crook. Just as I'm not a man, I'm a crook. We're equals, crooks, soulless. You seem to have overlooked that. Amateurs often do. . . . Tonight I made you a fair proposition, to play square with me and profit. You chose to be haughty. Now you see the other side of the picture."

"Bravado? Or deadly purpose? How could she tell? Her heart misgave her; she crushed herself away from him as from some abominably vicious, loathly reptile."

He understood this, and regarded her with a confident leer, inscrutably strong and malevolent.

"And there's one other reason why you will think twice before making a row," he clinched his case. "If you did that and I weakly permitted the police to nab you, what'd I be then? A man who got in the papers—your name and all, and—what'd Maitland think of you then, my lady? He'd think you were a coward. And again his low evil laugh made her shudder. "Now you won't risk that. You'll come with me and behave, I guess, all right."

She was dumb, stupefied with misery. He turned upon her sharply.

Her lips moved in soundless assent—lips as pallid and bloodless as the wan young face beneath the small, inconspicuous hat.

The man granted impatiently, yet was satisfied, knowing that he had her now completely under control—a condition not hard to bring about in a woman who, like this, was worn out with physical fatigue and overwrought with nervous strain. The conditions had been favorable; the result was preeminently comfortable. She would give him no more trouble.

The handsome swerved suddenly across the car tracks and pulled up at the curb. Anisty rose with an exclamation of relief and climbed down to the sidewalk, turning and extending a hand to assist the girl.

"Come!" he said, imperatively. "We've no time to waste."

For an instant only she harbored a fugitive thought of resistance; then his

eyes met hers and held them, and her mind seemed to go blank under his steadfast and domineering regard. "Come!" he repeated, sharply. Trembling, she placed a hand in his and somehow found herself by his side. Regardless of appearances the man retained her hand, merely shifting it beneath his arm, where a firm pressure of the elbow held it as in a vise.

"You needn't wait," he said, curtly, to the lobby, and swung about, the girl by his side.

"No nonsense now," he warned her, tensely, again thrusting a hand in his breast pocket significantly.

"I understand," she breathed, faintly, between closed teeth.

She had barely time to remark the cowering white facade of upper Broadway's tallest skyscraper ere she was half led, half dragged into the entrance of the building.

The marble slabs of the vestibule echoed strangely to their footsteps—those slabs that shake from dawn to dark with the tread of countless feet. They moved rapidly toward the elevator shaft, passing on their way deserted cigar and news stands, shrouded in dirty brown clothes. By the dark and silent well, where the six elevators (of which one only was a light and ready for use) stood motionless, as if slumbering in utter weariness after the day's long and weary work.

She came to a halt, and a chair was scraped noisily on the floor as a night watchman rose, rubbing his eyes and yawning, to face them.

The man thrust a hand inside, touched an electric switch, flooding the room with light, and motioned the girl to enter. She obeyed passively, thoroughly subjugated, and found herself in a large and well-furnished office, apparently the outer of two rooms. The glare of electric light at first partly blinded her, and she halted instinctively a few steps from the door, waiting for her eyes to become accustomed to the change.

Behind her the door was closed softly, and there followed a thud as a bolt was shot. An instant later Anisty caught her by the arm and, roughly now and without wasting speech, hurried her into the next room. Then, releasing her, he turned up the lights and, passing to the windows, threw two or three of them wide, for the air in the room was stale and lifeless.

"And now," said the criminal, in a tone of satisfaction, "now we can talk business, my dear."

(To be continued tomorrow.)

STORY OF THE STOGIE.

Little Pittsburg Children Help Make the Smokes.

Scott Nearing in the Independent.

The sun glared down fiercely from the July sky. It was a close day. On the doorman of a Pittsburg tenement house a boy sat, and passed some light brown leaf-like things rapidly through his hands—he was stripping tobacco. The warmth of the day and the closeness of the atmosphere made the odor of the leaves nauseating.

"What, Charlie, stripping again?"

"Yes, sir; me father got some more leaves yesterday and we all got busy."

"Isn't this your birthday, Charlie?"

"Ma's good enough. It's pa's today."

"Have the children all been stripping?"

"You have the ground littered up with stems."

"But they have—Sam, too. Sam's only four, you know, but he strips fine. Yesterday he stripped ten handles, and there's four handles to the pound. That makes more'n two pounds he's stripped in a day. That's fine for a kid of four. Sam is great at stripping; he likes it, too. He begins to talk Wyoming."

"Does Sarah strip?"

"Sure, she ain't so good as Sam, though she's older—most seven, but it makes her sick. Her stomach ain't no good and she can't stand the smell of the tobacco."

"But you don't like to strip, either, do you?"

"Me? Oh, I don't mind much, and then there's them that's worse off'n me. Take our cousin Nemo, what lives next door. She strips in the cellar on Webster street—you know the one I mean—and it's dark there and wet, and she gets cold all summer and her eyes hurt 'er. Here it ain't like that at all, so I don't mind so much."

"Are you going to school now?"

"Nope, no more June; this is vacation, when we get our fun, but I'd rather go to school 'n strip tobacco."

"How's your mother today?"

"Ma's good enough. It's pa's today, is so bad. He ain't sick, you know, but his mind wanders all the time. He talks about Wyoming, and he'll talk all go there. If pa would only work, us kids wouldn't have to strip, but pa, he jest sits and talks about Wyoming and how to get there—most every day, and he gets there, and all about it, and ma, she can't get pa to do nothing. It's hard for ma, ma and the kids, but I guess there ain't nothing to do. Ma does all she can and tells pa to do some stogie rollin', but pa rolls for about a minute and then he begins to talk Wyoming."

"What will you do when you grow up, Charlie?"

"Oh, I'll give ma a new hat, and I'll take the kids to the park every day, and I'll take Nemo out of the cellar what's killin' 'er, and I'll—well, there ain't no use talking about it. I could stop strippin' if pa would only go to work—if he only would."

Naturally, San Francisco leads the list in the increased building operation statistics. The total number of building permits issued in San Francisco during 1907 was 12,128 for buildings to cost \$31,502,240, an increase of 162 per cent over the building in 1906.

Playhouse Paragraphs

Farewell to summer opera!

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rappley are now in the south of France, touring.

Ida Conquest is to appear in a new play next season.

A son of the late Dan Daly made his first stage appearance in Boston last week.

Mme. Melba will be heard in New York next season, so announces Oscar Hammerstein.

Miss Adelaide Wilson, daughter of Francis Wilson, has returned from a trip to Europe.

Edgar Selwyn's leading woman in "Pierce of the Plains" will be Elsie Ferguson.

Souvenir photographs are to be distributed free at the New National Theater Saturday night, the farewell performance.

Marie Booth Russell has arrived in New York, having recovered from a long siege of illness.

The new Victor Herbert-Henry Blossom opera for Fritz Scheff is to be entitled "The Prima Donna."

Miss Belle Hazel Gillette will leave soon for Mexico to play a short season at the Circus Bell.

"The New Generation" is the tentative title of Mr. Louis Mann's new play by Mr. Jules Goodman.

Miss Grace Morse has been engaged for "Brown of Harvard," in which Mr. James Young will star the coming season.

Mrs. Leslie Carter has been booked for a week at the New National before the holidays. She will appear in a new play.

Dixie Crane of the Aborn Opera Company, the daughter of Sam Crane, the well known writer on sporting topics.

Marjorie Ramey, the popular Alexandria girl of the Aborn company, has been engaged for several days from the cast on account of illness.

Milton Aborn is in Washington this week. He will be master of ceremonies at the National Saturday night, the farewell.

Miss Grace Meinken has again signed with Gus Edwards for his "Schoolboys and Girls," which is leaving for a season of thirty weeks in the west.

Sam Rice has written and will stage the two burlesques for the "Merry Maidens." He will play the leading parts in them when the season opens.

Miss Jane Corcoran, who has been filling an engagement in the south and west, has been engaged for Rupert Hughes' "All for a Girl."

Miss Almyra Forrest, one of the principals in "The Prince of Pilsen," recently married Dr. Philip A. Davis of Denver, Col., and has resigned from the stage.

Alfred E. Aarons is preparing to produce an engagement in the south and west, has been engaged for Rupert Hughes' "All for a Girl."

Miss Pauline Chase, who was the original "Pink Pajama Girl" in "Liberty Bells," returned on the La Touraine as a Frohman star. She will remain in this country about five weeks.

Gertrude Hoffmann in her now famous impersonation of Maud Allan's "Vision of Salome" will again be the stellar offering at Hammerstein's roof garden and Victoria Theater, New York.

Joe Welch will be the protagonist in "Morning, Noon and Night." It will be played also by the presence of Arta Fritz, Fritz Edwards and eight little friars.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mrs. Fairbanks, who was Miss Beth Sully, have been

part of the Boss. Mr. Kennedy is at present with Corbun's Shakespearean plays.

Owen Johnson, the playwright arrived in New York recently and announced that Sarah Bernhardt will come over for a "farewell tour" in 1910. She will then be 69 years old.

Felix Haney, whose excellent work as Alderman Philan in "Man of the Hour" has been engaged for the same role in the western company next season.

Miss Annie Russell has sailed for Europe to select her gowns for the production of "The Stronger Sex" which will be produced under the direction of Wagnhals & Kemper early in October.

A new musical comedy is called "The Girl at the Helm." It is to be hoped, says a wit, she will steer her musical bark upon the high seas to the port of financial success.

Cyril Scott will play for the next five weeks under the management of Joseph R. Grismer. Under Grismer and W. A. Brady he will star the coming season in a play by George Broadhurst.

Wagnhals & Kemper will have a number of companies playing "Paid in Full." They have arranged to play at the theaters of the various casts from one company to another as occasion requires.

San Francisco has approved New York's verdict about "The Servant in the House" and the Henry Miller associated players. The reception of the play in San Francisco is said to have been all that could be desired.

Thomas A. Wise becomes a Brady star after he has finished with "Miss Hook of Holland," for Charles Frohman. He will appear in "The Gentleman from Mississippi," written by himself and Harrison Rhodes.

Mr. Dippel is negotiating with Mme. Ida Held for a brief engagement in New York. Mme. Held bears the title of Kammerangerin (court singer) and has been a leading member of the Royal Opera House in Berlin for years.

Sir Charles Wyndham will produce an adaptation of a play at the New Theater in New York which has met with great success in Vienna. It is entitled "The Blue Mouse," and is the work of Walter Engle and Julius Horste.

Billie Burke, who last year was John Drew's leading woman, is to become a star. Announcement was made at Charles Frohman's office that the manager would provide her with a new play called "Love Matches."

Miss Eva Tanguay announces a Salome dance. She has been engaged by Mr. Percy Williams for a period of three months and she will be seen first at the Alhambra Theater, August 3. She will wear a costume said to cost \$2,000.

Geraldine Farrar has been engaged for the Opera Comique in Paris. Engagements from both the Opera and the Opera Comique were offered her but she selected the house where "Carmen" and "Louise" were first produced.

Among the foreign concert attractions that will be heard in America this fall is Midaglio and his band, an organization that has, under the direction of its conductor, Joseph Misaglio, made a name in Italy and the cities of the old world.

The New National Theater will be the starting point in the career of several new plays the coming season. This will mean that Washington will witness several important "first nights" before the new season is well under way.

The future of "Greenroom Glimpses," the New National Theater's weekly journal, is in the balance. It has been rumored that the weekly will appear next season as an all-theater publication, covering the entire theatrical field in Washington.

Maxine Elliott has engaged Julian L'Estrange, a young actor of the romantic school, for her forthcoming autumn season. He is the husband of Constance Collier, who is shortly to appear in New York in William Gillette's version of Henry Bernstein's "Samson."

Helene L. Warde has signed with Dan Sully as leading woman for next season. She is at present enjoying a pleasant vacation at her sister's home in Toronto, Canada. Her husband, J. J. Kennedy, has also signed with Mr. Sully for the

part of the Boss. Mr. Kennedy is at present with Corbun's Shakespearean plays.

Mr. Alfred Maillon, a member of the noted English theatrical family of the same name, has arrived in New York. He has been engaged by Mr. H. W. Savage to play the role of Baron Popov in the Boston "Merry Widow" company next season.

Ibsen's most artistic interpreter in this country, Miss Hilda Englund, has just completed the translation into Swedish of Charles Rann Kennedy's dramatized sermon, "The Servant in the House," and will produce it in Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Finland before next March.

S. T. Klawans is now appearing with James Lee Finney at the Majestic Theater, Boston, in a new play entitled "The Best Man," by Grace Livingston Furness. Mr. Klawans has appeared with the local stock companies the past four seasons.

During the period that the National Theater is "dark" many alterations will be made in the stairways and auditorium. When the playhouse opens, early in September, it will be one of the safest fire-proof theaters on the Klaw & Erlanger circuit.

When the curtain falls on the final performance of "The Belle of New York" at the New National Saturday night of this week it will end what has been conceded the most successful opera season in the history of the local stage. Fifteen operas have been produced, with a total of 120 consecutive performances.

James Neill, whose stock company is playing a summer engagement in St. Paul, signed a contract to take players from the United States to South Africa for an extended engagement.

Company will leave New York September 5 and will go to Buenos Aires, Rio Janeiro, Rosario.

Junie McCree, who originated the role of Ceri Ryan, the principal part in the Askin-Singer Company's musical play, "The Girl Question," when it was produced a year ago at the LaSalle Theater, Chicago, engaged recently for the same part in the production which opens at Wallack's Theater, New York, Monday, August 3.

When Maud Adams left for Europe a few days ago on the steamer that bore away the delicate features of the Pica-dilly Terence, to wit "Haddon Chambers," it was announced that she had done so in order to superintend the labors of the Pica-dilly Terence in his "Jean d'Arc." This, of course, may be true, but it may be taken for granted that Miss Adams will keep a close watch upon the dramatic market in London while she is away.

Gertrude Quinlan returned last week from Paris after spending four months abroad. Miss Quinlan was drafted from the "Tom Jones" Company to play her original role of Flora Viegans in the London engagement of "The College Widow." Her role was one of the season's hits in London. She may return there in the fall to appear either in a sketch at the Palace Theater or in the leading part of a new English play, unless she decides to accept an offer to star in a new play which Henry Savage has accepted for her.

"Old Oaken Bucket's" Author Owes Fame to It

A N American who owes his fame to a single poem is Samuel Woodworth, author of the much parodied and ever popular "Old Oaken Bucket." Yet in his day he was one of the most prominent citizens and did considerable work of importance.

Woodworth arrived in New York from Boston during the war of 1812 and established a paper called The War, in which appeared many of his own patriotic odes and songs. His father had been a fighter in the revolution and the son kept up the patriotic ardor.

When George P. Morris started the famous New York Mirror, it was with the assistance of Mr. Woodworth. "The Old Oaken Bucket" was published in Woodworth's second collection of poems, issued in 1826.

The poet lived in Duane street, New York, then a favorite residential part of town, and the wits and poets of the day resorted there. He died in 1842.